



Assumption of those trials which brings contempt alike upon the law as well as the community in which it occurs, has just ended in San Francisco. Katlock, the coward son of a father, who had for revenge published a lot of infamous scandal on the mother of DeYoung, a journalist, for which the latter would and probably should have killed him but for chance, has been acquitted for the murder of DeYoung, whom he killed in cold blood in the latter's own office. The ground of acquittal was the temporary mental aberration of the accused, or something of the sort, to arrive at which verdict the jury must have purposed itself. It is useless for us, who have almost grown accustomed to such disgraceful verdicts, to say much about this case. They are of so frequent occurrence here in Kentucky that we do not have to go to the far off golden coast for a text on the worthlessness of the average jury or the injustice of the laws governing their selection. 'Tis pity and pity 'tis true, that the law does not contemplate the empanelling of the best of the more educated men. A man who reads or shows a disposition to obey the laws himself and see that they are strictly enforced against those who break them, stands about one chance in a dozen to be taken on a jury. The defense, of course, does not wish such men, and with its twenty challenges, and the nature of the questions asked, can, in almost every instance, with the aid of the astute lawyer, pick its men upon whom it can rely either for a hung jury or an acquittal. The next Legislature should by all means change the jury laws. As they stand at present a criminal has all the advantages. In fact, if it had been so designed, they could not have been more in favor of a law-breaker and against the law-abiding class than they are. Another thing that militates against the conviction of murderers is the loose state of public opinion in regard to the offense, and the silly and contemptible hero-worship that is oftentimes given to the one who maliciously takes the life of his fellow-being. He is paraded as a brave man, when the fact is, in nearly every case, he is a craven coward at heart, who would not have committed the deed had his victim had half a showing or if he hadn't, according as the saying goes, "Gid the drop on him." We need, in the first place, a public sentiment that abhors murder and disapproves of the murderer, and then the laws altered or amended that the intelligent or law-loving class can deal out justice instead of having that important business bunched by ignorant, and in many cases, designing men. We want the damaging charge, but also, too true a one, that no man can be convinced in Kentucky who has money or friends to back him, blotted from the opinion of men by a few legal hangings, which will show to the world that though she bears the unequivocal title of the dark and bloody ground, the proud old State has at last avowed to the importance of requiring a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life.

A. J. BREEDLOVE, formerly a newspaper publisher at Russellville, Ky., will hardly ever kiss and tell again. In a libel suit he testified that he knew from personal knowledge that Mrs. Mary Lee Hendrickson had not perished as judiciously as she ought that most precious of woman's jewels—virtue. This enraged the lady in question, and she showed her displeasure by firing a pistol at the unprincipled fellow, which, unfortunately, did no further damage than the taking off of a coat button. Finding that she was under a poor shot, however, she went for him with the weapon, knocked him down and stamped him to the ground with her pretty little foot. Breedlove should emigrate, if he would pursue the life of a rascal. His occupation is gone, in his present locality, for he can breed no more love there. N. B.—We have applied for a copyright for this last sentence, and warn the fraternity against an infringement.

CONKLIN is walking around on his navel because Garfield has nominated Robertson, an enemy of his, to be Collector of the Port of New York, and threatens, if it is not withdrawn, that he will sit down on him (Garfield) worse than he did on Hayes. It will be interesting to note whether our President is made of stein enough stuff to delay the creation of Jay Hawk or not.

HOST, W. C. CLARK, of McCracken county, is grooming himself to make the gubernatorial race on the total abstinence, prohibition platform. Poor fellow! his cause is good, but he will get but few votes and have mighty little fun.

CHARLES MURRAY, of the Nelson family, is making his wife useful as well as congenial. He has added a Law Department to his paper with Mrs. Murray as editor, and she is making an interesting feature of it.

Knows the prejudice that exists among the masses against railroad corporations, and perhaps with a design of ingratiating himself into the good will of those masses as to give him another boost for office, Mr. James Blackburn, who is by the grace of his brother, the Governor, Secretary of State, uttered some silly ideas before the Anti-Railroad Convention at Lexington. He believed, or professed to believe, that a State had a right to repeal the charter of any railroad in its limits, and that the Legislature should revise, alter or amend any charter of any corporation in the State at will. This very doctrine that a State can violate her contracts with impunity, is the leading thought of those who would wreck the reputation of their State by advocating and voting for the repudiation of its honest debts, and we opine that Mr. Blackburn was in the same condition that he was at the State Convention last year, when he was hatched down by that body, at the time he gave utterance to such views.

The Danville *Advocate* copies a paragraph concerning us from the *Courier-Journal*, and says that we are but one thing we can do—"set 'em up" for that irreproachable young man, and call it square." "Set 'em up in deed!" It will be the most emphatic set-down he ever got, the day we lay eyes on him. Even as we write, the irrepressible youngster would be sleeping in the silent tomb, but for the following, received from him the day of the publication:

MY DEAR P.—I am not the Religious Editor of the *Courier-Journal*; leave Pink Cottage theology to other members of the staff, but I think it will be well to tell you that you needn't come hunting me—no more need cousin Kate—for I'm off to Omaha. Religiously yours, H. T. L.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—There are 10,000, 50 Indians and 25,461 negroes in Kentucky.

—The excess of males in the United States is a total number of fifty millions, 888,298.

—The Kentucky Physicians will hold their 20th annual session at Covington, next Tuesday and Wednesday.

—The tobacco craze is very prevalent in Woodford, and good lands for its cultivation command \$20 per acre.

—Tom Sewell, for killing Thos. Dunbar, in '78, has just been convicted in Madison and given twelve years in the penitentiary.

—Oscar de Mornay, Senator of France and grandson of the Marquise de Mornay, is dead. He was to have attended the French town celebration.

—Senator Sharon received no pay during the extra session commencing March 18, 1879, and ending July 1 of that year. Sharon was not present during the entire session.

—H. T. Lawler, a well-known lawyer of Harroldson, committed suicide Monday by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. Bad health and financial troubles are assigned as the reasons for the terrible act.

—Mrs. Hallie Deuel, residing in Sioux City, Iowa, died at thirty-third birthday of old on Wednesday night. She has voluntarily remained silent for three years, and converses only by signs. A singular woman.

—The aggregate cost of construction of the Cincinnati Southern railroad was \$60,881,893.30, charge in maintenance up to the end of 1879, \$604,729.50 of which Kentucky received the molestation of \$346,826.40; Tennessee, \$17,551.17; Ohio, \$11,100.13; miscellanies, \$105,637.80.

—The East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia & Knoxville, and Ohio railroad Companies, advertise for bids until April 18th for the grading of the line from Carverville to the existing line of the road from Carverville to the Kentucky State line. The distance is twenty-seven (27) miles, crossing the entire range of the Cumberland mountains, presenting a large amount of work inviting to contractors.

—The Anti-Railroad Convention showed that it is thankful over for very small favors, as witness the following resolution unanimously adopted by it: "Resolved, That we heartily endorse the action of the State Railroad Commission as set forth in the majority report, and thank them for what they have accomplished, and recommend it to the legislature, to adopt it at an early date."

—An astute Michigan legislator prodded the novel law doctrine that a husband does not commit arson when he burns his wife's house, because arson is burning the dwelling of another, and all the world knows that a man and his wife are one. According to that line of reasoning, the man who takes his wife's life, and is not punished for it, and suicide is not punished, is surely in this life at least.

—There is no such thing known as a heap for the murderer who has friends and money. Any and every day the most wretchedly poor may be shot down, and after a decent, legal trial, the slayer goes free. If he is put in State's prison for a short time, some snug-fisted nuncio of a Governor or induced to pardon him out." The above from the *Courier-Journal* must have been written by the "irrepressible young man."

—Prof. C. P. Huntington and John Eshle of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, were in Louisville this week and from their *Telegrapher* last found out that they have perfected their arrangement so as to have a through line from the North over the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad as soon as it is completed to Lexington, which will be the 1st of July. The line will pass through Tennessee, from thence over the Little Rock, Iron Mountain and Texas & Pacific railroads to El Paso; thence over the Southern Pacific to San Francisco, California. These gentlemen went to Cincinnati on Sunday evening over the Shinn-Shuttle road to confer with partners in regard to putting the road from Newport, Ky., to Huntington, a under construction, a portion of which has been graded ready for the ties. They expect to have this road completed within one year from the date of contract.

—All about a Head.

DAVISVILLE, March 29th, 1881.

*Editor, Interior Journal.*

Will you be kind enough to give the following a place in your next paper? In your paper of Saturday, the correspondent sent out of his pen, made some remarks about the Danville and Harroldson turnpike, none of which are true to say.

—The road is in good condition, two-horse teams are hauling as much as five thousand pounds of coal over it at a load, on about that much as to the individuals, it never has paid that much in any one year, and not two thirds of that amount was ever paid. The coal was not increased to any extent. The road is in good condition, the state road, the state road, and I have no doubt in me. However, in right in saying the public have a right to insist on having a good road, D. W. Jones, President.

GARRISON COUNTY.

Lancaster.

Many of our farmers are living over as a result.

—The Smidts & Spatz livery stable was sold Monday, County Court day, to W. S. Miller for \$1,100.

—Monday was County Court day, but a very small crowd in town. A few sales of cattle on the market, but I can hear of no sales.

—The interest in the Haines meeting is on the increase, if any change. So far there have been about three hundred confirmations. This includes children and backsliders.

—Mrs. M. J. Lawless died suddenly near Lancaster, March 28th. It is thought from heart disease. The remains of Mrs. W. F. Frith were buried here March 30th. Funeral services were held at the residence of Dr. Price by Rev. George T. Barnes.

—That "lunatic" Barnes preached in the largest audience last Sunday ever assembled in the Court-House. The crowd was estimated at eight hundred. At night it was very little less.

—At neither service nor any service has he uttered word which sounded so if emanating from the brain of a lunatic or the Managing Editor of the *Courier-Journal*. He is prejudiced only against the Devil, says nothing but what he can substantiate. If things of which he knows nothing he says nothing. Possibly he is wrong in many things, but this we do know: he makes more and happier converts from all classes than any man of the day except Moody. Mr. Barnes will probably go to Cincinnati in a few days. To those "straight jackets" who think the Lord will bless nothing in which they take no part I will say, go to his first service.

HOYLE COUNTY.

Shelby City.

—Our young friend, Dr. Jackson Givens, is getting quite an extensive practice in our vicinity, and has been very successful in several severe cases of pneumonia.

—Mrs. R. W. Givens, who has been quite sick for several months, is improving, and we hope to see her out soon....John and Preston Bond, of Anderson county, are visiting their sister, Mrs. T. E. Barr, Shelby City.

—The young man who, while at church last Sunday night in Shelby City, sent his card to a fair lady, requesting her company if ever possible; "If not, please return card," when last seen was tearing up the aforementioned card, a sadder if not a wiser young man.

Douville.

—The two telegraph offices here will consolidate on the 1st.

—The bank peeler in the lower end of Boyle county has contracted for their bank at \$12 per card.

—John L. Zimmerman, of the *Advocate*, not Tidwell, will move to Louisville on the 1st of April, having secured a fine position in a printing establishment there.

—Thomas McRoberts has bought of R. L. Salter a strip of land of about 40 acres, in order to secure an outlet to the old Kincade farm recently purchased by him.

—D. Foley, an architect from Cincinnati, has completed plans for the new Opera House and the addition to the Clemens House. Contracts for the work will soon let.

—In an examining trial at Maysville, this county, on Monday last, Jim Shumaker, charged with barn-burning, was found guilty of arson.

—An old colored woman, formerly belonging to the Major Meyer family, was burned to death on last Monday morning. When found her clothing was burned off, and her body burned to a crisp.

—Tobe Boone has returned to Danville after a lengthy sojourn in the circus, playing with the "monks,"....Dr. Taylor is with Tom Nichols in the Clerk's office....Mr. Al. Stewart, of Ocoee, Mo., is visiting his brother, B. C. Stewart, in this county....John Quisenberry has returned from a lengthy trip West.

—J. W. Uebel and Mrs. Eliza Lee were married in Danville at the Clement House on Friday last, by Dr. Verkes. Mr. Uebel has lately moved to this community from Texas, having purchased the Messick farm....A license was issued on the 28th to L. D. Jennings and Miss Maggie Hughes, and on 31st to Loden Hale and Aphonia Phillips.

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—The meeting of the convention to select a candidate for the Legislature was postponed until the 4th Monday in April. There are several other candidates in prospect.

—Two of our best citizens had a difficult other day on Brush Creek over a horse-rack. Nobly hurt and bodily whipped, as they both claim the victory.

—Prof. Waters' school at Middletown is improving. Miss Alice Jones, an accomplished young lady of Lincoln, has been employed to take charge of the music department, and entered upon her duties last Monday morning.

—Mr. A. R. Clark, our candidate for the Senate, will address the people of Lincoln at 10 o'clock, in the courthouse at Stanford, on Monday the 4th of April.

—Let everybody turn out to hear him, as he will undoubtedly be the next Senator from this district. He is well prepared to make the race, and any man who tackles him for the nomination will surely get beat.

—Last Monday was County Court day. The usual crowd was in town. Nobly seemed to have much business, but all were happy and glad they were here. W. S. Sweeney, auctioneer, reports offered the property of G. T. Fair, in Middletown, for sale, and it was withdrawn for want of bidders. He sold a tract of fifty acres of land to the National Bank of Stanford for \$300 that had been valued at \$200.

—F. C. Whelp has gone on a visit to his grandfather, at Owenton, Ky....Col. Silas Adams was at Stanford on professional business last week....Miss Lucy Coffey returned last Saturday from a visit to friends in Missouri....Miss Bettie Prentiss, a fine-looking and accomplished young lady from the Rolling Fork, was the guest of Miss Laura Coffey last week. Rumor

says this is her last visit while single. J. W. Hopkins was in town last Thursday and Friday. Miss Julia Cobbell is at present with her friends in Lanesville. John Allen, of Danville, has been with the old folks at home for the last week. Miss Sarah E. Coffey, one of our most popular young ladies, is at present with friends in Lincoln....Geo. A. Pritchett has returned from Cincinnati with his eyes much improved....Geo. E. Stone, Esq., is in bed with the measles. This is the second time he has had them and they are getting hard with him.

—The roads between W. M. Wilson and Mrs. Polly Proctor have been closed.

—Miss Polly Proctor is at her home in the mountains, and Mr. Weber gets back his money.

—Wednesday the weather looked very much like the same we had an abundance of in January. The ground was covered with snow, and the cold was severe.

—Persons who neglected to fill their houses will now have an opportunity.

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—Circuit Court is sitting at Richmond, with several cases in regard to local option.

—It is claimed, however, that none of the boys have gone fishing.

—Mrs. Emily Paris, of Illinois, is visiting her son, S. W. Paris....Mrs. Bella Woods, Hustonville, is visiting the family of her father, Mr. S. E. Higgins.

—Deputy Sheriff Will Arnold was here yesterday, serving subpoenas on several to appear as witness in the case of the Commonwealth against D. C. Curtis, charged with horse-stealing.

—Born, to the wife of John Fowler, a girl....To the wife of Mr. J. H. Kennedy, on the night of the 15th inst., a girl....To the wife of F. M. Prentiss, on the 15th inst., another girl....To the wife of W. P. Pritchett, a bouncing boy. Perhaps we have overlooked some, but if we have ask the forgiveness of the happy parents.

—Candidiates for the various county offices are more plentiful here than ever before. It is reported that there are from thirty to forty for the office of Sheriff.

—Squire James M. Smith, of this precinct, is a candidate for County Judge.

—The "Squire" is a straightforward gentleman and well qualified to fill the office to which he aspires.

—Rev. C. A. Thomas, a student of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, is getting quite an extensive practice in our vicinity, and has been very successful in several severe cases of pneumonia.

—Mrs. R. W. Givens, who has been quite sick for several months, is improving, and we hope to see her out soon....John and Preston Bond, of Anderson county, are visiting their sister, Mrs. T. E. Barr, Shelby City.

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FRUITLAND, K.Y.

Friday Morning, April 1, 1881

A WIFER'S CHARM.

A pout upon the red lips of Gerald Sinclair's young wife—unmistakably a pout—for though a wife of almost two years, her fond, indulgent husband had for the first time said nay to an openly expressed wish.

The toney ton of the season, a grand and festive assemblage, was to take place during his absence, and he had said that he should prefer she did not attend.

She followed with her eyes his downward glance, and one that it rested on her hand, unglued, as in better accord with the exigencies of her costume.

Involuntarily she drew it away with the ring which had betrayed her.

Denial was useless.

"Since you know me, then," she said, "we will not further play a part. To the others we are maskers; to ourselves we are ourselves."

"Ah, madame," he whispered, "let us rather say to the world we are ourselves, to each other a mask. Can men, think you, look coldly on such beauty as you possess? I can't."

Indignant and ashamed, she checked his further speech by starting forward to escape him. His hand closed on hers in a vice. She wrenches it from him, sprang among a crowd of maskers, and so made her way to the car.

"Call a carriage for me," she directed.

Ten minutes later she was within her own home. Her first impulse was to tear off the hated costume which had caused her such trouble, the next to throw herself on the bed and sob out her excitement and contrition. The morning sun, streaming into her room, awoke her.

Even when the hour came round for Gerald's homecoming, he missed his usual warm welcome; but he thought that he might trust his wife's heart, and said nothing. The next day he started on his journey.

"You're not going, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, bursting upon her friend on the morning of the ball.

"And why not?"

"Gerald is away," replied Mrs. Sinclair, with some little show of wifely dignity, as though the fact was in itself sufficient explanation.

"And why need you make any difference?" pursued Mrs. Martin, a bewitching little widow some few years her friend's senior. "I will share my escort with you—Count Belzoni!"

Sophie Sinclair looked up amazed. She knew that the man mentioned had but lately gained *entry* into good society, and knew also that her husband disliked and distrusted him.

One or twice she had seen his eye fixed admiringly upon herself, and had felt somewhat as the bird might feel beneath the basilisk glare of the serpent.

"Well, why don't you answer?" continued Mrs. Martin. "Will you go?"

"No, no," she replied, trying to speak with firm decision. "Besides, I do not think that Gerald admires the count."

"Prejudice, my dear—all prejudice. The count is one of the most agreeable men I know. Indeed, I think I would be canonized for my willingness to share his attention, especially as I have heard him say all manner of nice things about you."

"Nonsense, Ellen!" retorted Mrs. Sinclair.

But she felt the ground slipping beneath her feet as she spoke.

After all, Gerald had not said positively no! Had he thought it necessary, after he had openly expressed his disapprobation of her going?

He had not known that she would be so sorely tempted. Besides, she would wear a mask. No one would know her; and when she told Gerald, he would forgive her. A sudden thought came to her.

"I will go," she said at last, after continued urging, and looking at the picture in all its brightest lights, "on one condition, and that is, no one is to know me—not even the count."

He was about to answer, when a key was heard inserted in the outside door.

In an instant he had sprung into some place of concealment, but the fact that he was near lent to the young wife a sudden courage, born of the moment's desperation. Her husband, entering, approached her, but she motioned him back.

"Gerald," she said, "I have a bitter confession to make. It is fitting that you have pursued a friend to accompany you, who wishes to remain unknown. I will come to your house where he will find me, and thus gain no clue."

So it was decided; but, spite of her exquisite costume of a fairy as she concealed it and herself beneath a large domino, as the clock on her mantle chimed ten, it seemed to Sophie that every stroke said, "Stay! Stay!"

She was almost tempted to obey it, but she had promised Ellen; and, after all, she had heard that it was well for young wives to assert themselves.

An hour later, and, on the Count Belzoni's arm, she entered upon the brilliant scene. So far, he had not even seemed curious to ascertain her identity. She experienced at this a singular sense of relief.

The ball was at its height as the clock rang out the hour of midnight; but for the first time in her life light and gayety seemed distasteful. A hundred times she wished herself at home.

"I will tell Gerald I have already been punished," she whispered to herself, as she stood for a moment alone in a quiet corner.

"You look more like a nun than a fairy—rather like one who had fore-

sworn the vanities of the world, than a siren to tempt men to their destruction," said a voice close to her "though to the latter I know no one fit for."

"Sir!" she exclaimed, indignantly, recognizing, as she spoke, the count standing at her elbow.

"Ah, you thought I did not know you. I should penetrate any disguise you wore. Besides, you have forgotten to remove a badge of recognition."

She followed with her eyes his downward glance, and one that it rested on her hand, unglued, as in better accord with the exigencies of her costume.

The Whistler on the Cars.

"And they always hunt in droves," said the sad passenger. "All one man begins whistling in the railroad cars, long before he gets to his first breathing spell one man and another, and another, and then another, and more after that one again, take it up until the car is a perfect cyclone of chirp and toot, and not so much as a fragment of a tune in the whole unrecogizable mass."

"Do you suppose," said Endymion,

the sleepy passenger, who only got on a few stations back, and had been sound asleep ever since, "do you suppose the man who whistles ever listens to the whistlings of the other whistlers in the car?"

Because he did, and could hear how meaningless and vacuous the music was, I think he would never whistle in the car again."

And, then, having pounded his overcoat into a comfortable knot, Endymion put his head down upon it and slumbered.

"Well," the fat passenger said, "what shall we do with him? I don't really think we ought to kill him."

"No," said the sad passenger, "no hoodooed. Let us fall upon him and plane the floor with him."

"Suppose," said the tall, thin passenger, "we take him out on the platform, where there will be room to swing our legs, and kick him?"

"We might wait until the train was running a little slower," said the cross passenger, "and chuck him out of the window."

"I've a good mind," said the fat passenger, "just to step up and slip his mouth while he's whistling."

"We might throw him down and pull out his teeth with a monkey-wrench," said the sad passenger, "so that he couldn't whistle any more."

"Or we might punch a hole in his lungs," said the man on the wood-box, "with a bradawl, and that would let out his wind faster than he could whistle it up."

"Well," they all said, "let's get hold of him and give him a little whirl, anyhow, just for luck."

Just then the man who had been whistling stood in the aisle beside them.

He was not a kindly looking man, now that he had ceased whistling. He had only one eye, and his hair was white and very short. His neck was about the same breadth as his shoulders, and he had an unpleasant way, when he was not whistling, of holding his chin pretty well forward, and his nose was all wrinkled. He was taking off his coat, although the car was quite cool, and he had just thrown his hat upon the floor, although there were plenty of empty racks.

"Seems to me," he said, "that you ducks ain't overly fond of my whistling. Seems like I heard ye didn't want me to whistle no more when you was around."

Then there was an embarrassing silence about a foot long.—[Hurlington Hawkeye.]

A NEW VICE.—A number of persons more or less prominent in different walks of life have died in this city within a few months from the direct effect, it is said, of hypodermic injections of morphine. The effect of morphine under the skin is described as peculiarly and wonderfully agreeable. A delicious languor steals over the frame, the senses are wrapped as in a voluptuous waking dream, and a most joyous consciousness of perfect yet fascinating repose softly overflows the mind. Even strong men and women have frequently found it hard to resist its allurements, and have not been able to resist its beatitudes without arousing all their will. On this account some physicians will not administer or prescribe morphine under any circumstance, fearing the consequences to their patients. Not a few women of the finer type have been wreaked by the habit, and many men, professional and commercial, are steadily ruining themselves by its indulgence. It was hailed as a great blessing once, and is it properly regulated; but like so many blessings, may readily be converted into a curse. —[New York Times.]

A MAN TO HONOR.—General Hancock has borne himself upon a most trying occasion with rare good sense and courtesy. He is a gentleman who, upon every opportunity worth noting, enables his friends to remember him with pride justifiable, has been their confidante in, and how deserving their support of him. If President Garfield is the man we hope he is, there must be occasions when he is sorry he defeated so honorable a gentleman as Winfield Scott Hancock.

Advice to travelers.—Buy a bottle of Dr. Hull's Cough Syrup—the only thing to stop a Hack.

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